



Groans from the Grave :

O R,

COMPLAINTS of the *Dead*, against the Surgeons for raising their Bodies out of the Dust.

Job. iii. 22. 17. Which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad when they can find the Grave. There the Wicked cease from Troubling, and there the Weary are at rest.

LAST Even'ing toil'd with dull Fatigue of Life,
With Cares and Clamours, and continual Strife,
I went to see a holy Friend expire,
(Worn out with Age) to burn with brighter Fire.
'Twas concil'd by the wisest Man on Earth,
Better to Mourners go, than House of Mirth.
Around his Bed the pale Spectators stood,
Each Tongue was mute, and ev'ry Eye a Flood:
He softly said, e're he resign'd his Breath,
Lifting his Eyes in Agonies of Death,
As *Jacob*, when he on a Death-bed lay,
My Dust, unto my Parents Dust convey.

The Silver Cord being loos'd the Golden Bowl
To Peices dasht, for Exit to the Soul:
The Pitcher broke, from Font no Streams doth feel,
And at the Cistern lyes the crazie Wheel:
The Soul by Angels born mounts to its God,
The Body ready for its dark Abode.
Sick with the Load of Life, my Thoughts did fly
Through all the Drama of Mortality;

A

In

In Contemplation wrapt, I stroll'd away
To the Enclosure of our buried Clay,
The Charnel-house, the sacred gloomie Grave,
Where Kings and Clowns a safe *Assylum* have:
I stumbl'd amongst the Tombs with *Luna's* Light,
Lect'ring on Death, fit Subject for the Night.
I sought and found the Hallowed spot at last,
Where my dear dead Relation was to rest:
Throwing my self upon the Grassie Bed,
Job's Exercise my Meditation fed,
'Here ly the Rich, the Poor, the Great and Small,
'Blended in Dust they undistinguish'd fall.
These who with God did sweet Communion keep,
Long'd for the Grave and Heav'n, are fall'n asleep:
They with excessive Joy did court a Grave,
And now these Saints that satisfaction have.
'Tis in the peaceful Grave where none's oppress,
The Right'ous and the Weary are at Rest:
For who dare touch the consecrated Clod:
Believers Relicts are unite to God.

DEAD take your Nap, until the gladsome Day,
JESUS shall raise you from your Beds of Clay,
When we shall see him with his Hosts appear,
And stop the radiant Sun in his Career;
Laying his Laws on the refulgent Creature,
Bid him go Fire the Universal Nature,
And tumble from their Spheres each shining Star,
Scat'ring the useles Planets through the Air;
When the fair Furniture of yon blue Hall
with Lanterns hung to light this Earthly Ball,
Shall in the dreadful Conflagration fall.

Thus far my Miditation went, when lo!
A dead Man started from the Grave below,
Dropping his Flannel Face-Cloath, made me see,
A horrid Picture of Mortality:
Fear seiz'd upon me when the Spectre spake,
And trembling made my very Bones to shake;

So

So when the awfull Voice my Ears did reach,
 This prov'd the substance of the dead Man's Speech,
 ' Ye living Sinners stop, to me give Heed,
 And hear a serious Sermon from the Dead:
 Your living Prophets preach, but ah! in vain,
 I'll you reward their holy Toil and Pain;
 They sound the Trumpet, but you will not hear,
 And they must charm to the deaf Adders Ear:
 My Grave's the Pulpit and the Dead my Theme,
 The awfull Doctrine to the World proclaim;
 if you neglect to blaze it when you're gone,
 My Worms shall witness at th' Almighty's Throne
 The mould'ring Sculls, and every rotten Bone,
 When at the Resurrection they shall rise,
 United with the Soul, and mount the Skies.

' 'Mongst you there lives a barb'rous Set of Men,
 Of whom the Earth and Elements complain;
 Judgments unheard of hover o'er their Head,
 Who kill us when alive, disturb us when we're dead:
 Scandal to Humane Nature, monstrous Race;
 Impugners of the Covenant of Grace;
 It is the Promise of Veracity,
 Believers safely in the Grave shall ly;
 Satan with Malice swell'd, who steers the Helm,
 And Rules the Subjects of his dark Realm,
 Bids them invade the venerable Place,
 Heav'n's Nurs'ry railled with the Rites of Grace,
 The Dormitory where the Saints sleep found,
 The Glebe of God, his own peculiar Ground,
 And drag 'em from their groaning Mother's Breast,
 And mock at Heav'n, and call her Laws a jest;
 Unhallow'd Hands are dy'd in Royal Blood;
 Butch'ring the Saints like an Infernal Brood;
 Go tell these vile Tormentors of the Dead,
 They're *Belial's* Sons, and not of *Abraham's* Seed;
 Go to their wicked Shambles there you'll spy,
 The Pious and the Pimp in vile Confusion ly;

Like

Like pickl'd Herring barrel up the Saints,
 Heav'n hears our Groans, Records our loud Complaints,
 Crime black enough to stain the Morning Skies,
 And make the Sun unwilling to arise;
 A Crime so gross, 'twas never known till now,
 A Thing the Damn'd in Hell would blush to do;
 Save once 'twas acted in a Popish Clime,
 And when the *Gallick* Monarch heard the Crime,
 Order'd to shoot each Surgeon through the Head,
 Durst walk within the Enclosures of the Dead.
 Deluded Papists Superstition know,
 And in vain tedious Pilgrimages go,
 To visite holy Relicks all Divine,
 Full of mistaken Zeal adore the Shrine,
 Daily put up Petitions to the Saints,
 Who neither know, nor can relieve their Wants.
 This Piece of Priest-craft sooner is forgiven,
 Not so provoking to the God of Heaven,
 As that curs'd Crime some do so oft repeat,
 To drag the Saints in Sackfulls thro' the street.

Here stopt the Preacher, sigh'd and sunk to Rest,
 I felt all *Etna* flaming in my Breast;
 And vow'd to Heav'n to be a nightly Scout,
 To keep these mad Nocturnal Devils out.

P O S T S C R I P T.

L E T none believe this Satyr is design'd,
 Against these learn'd Preservers of Mankind,
 The Sons of *Gallen*, to whose Skill we owe,
 Next Heav'n the greatest Blessings here below:
 Nor yet against great *Gallen's* second Sons,
 Who know our Frame, and knit our broken Bones;
 I honour both, but Mountebanks I hate,
 They're like the Smuglers who disturb the State,
 And steal and starve, 'tis just it should be so,
 But honest Traders rich and famous grow.

F I N I S.

